

UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

VOLUME XXI.]

CHICAGO, AUGUST 18, 1888.

[NUMBER 25.]

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CHICAGO, AUGUST 18, 1888.

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EDITORIAL.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE's new book has reached its sixth edition. What a pulpit has he who can successfully preach in stories!

THE *Literary World* says that if the Rev. Stopford Brooke were to succeed James Freeman Clarke "it would be a marked addition to American literary forces."

THE First Annual Catalogue of the Hillside Home School mentioned by our correspondent from Wisconsin is just out. It shows that some fifty different pupils have attended the different departments this last year, fifteen in the Home Department. Copies can be obtained by addressing the Lloyd Jones sisters, Hillside Home School, Spring Green, Wisconsin.

THE *American* thinks that it is as a poet, rather than as a theological thinker, that Mr. Chadwick gives the fullest scope to his talents, and hopes he will "write more poetry, even if it leaves him less time for sermons." We suspect Mr. Chadwick seeks to preach in his poetry, and every new poem is an added sermon in his collection. This conception of the office of poetry, we believe, will elevate its quality.

THE accomplished free-thinker of New York, founder and president of the Nineteenth Century Club, Courtlandt Palmer, sent, two days before his death, the following message to a friend: "The world has been for me my country; to do good, my religion; and I suffer no fear in the presence of what Christians generally look upon as the king of terrors." This is another proof that a peaceful death is conditioned upon no particular form of theological belief. Nature lulls all her sincere children to peaceful sleep when the end is inevitable.

A WRITER in *Book News*, speaking of some recent writers on national revenue, says: "It is almost always true that the change proposed by men not weighted by responsibility for the partial result is the one which creates the greatest disturbance in existing conditions." This is a truth of more than political application. It is the fallacy of our small minds to expect that "partial results" can be reached on the same lines that reach after universal results. The only results that abide are those that culminate in the councils of the eternal, to which all partial results are but causes.

THE man of whom an intimate friend can write the following, has succeeded in giving to the world something nobler than any work of fiction or creation of imagination: "He loved to study the ways of birds, and was passionately fond of flowers. His desk was never without the one or the other, and he knew the note of every feathered songster.

He was not a rich man, though he might have been. While yet unknown to fame his endorsement of certain notes threw him into bankruptcy. Soon after, his reputation was made; but every dollar earned was given to the creditors who, legally, could not have collected a cent. The money was given cheerfully, and it amounted to a large sum. 'I did not leave,' he once said to me, 'until every man had received from me every dollar that I owed him. I paid the debts which I did not contract myself, but was made poor by so doing.' Such a man was E. P. Rowe.

Whatever we may think of his books, there can be no hesitation about the beauty of the man. The pen has fallen from the hand that will wield it no longer, but the life gathers momentum by death.

WE are glad to see that Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney has begun in *The Open Court* the publication of some reminiscences of Bronson Alcott's conversations. The dear dreamer has been the object of much wit and drawing-room sarcasm, but still it remains true that, as Theodore Parker said, "He sometimes talked like an angel," and he always lived like a saint. There is enough in his fragmentary writings to lead many a soul, as Mrs. Cheney says he led hers, "out of self into the eternal." Whatever Alcott failed in, he always stood for serenity, and this is a rare quality of the spirit.

THAT recent novel, "Robert Elsmere," through which the niece of Matthew Arnold has sprung into so wide and deserved celebrity, illustrates well one of the truths uttered by a contributor to this number of *UNITY*, D. O. Kellogg, whose name is familiar to many of us as associated with the American reprint of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. He says: "The religious society which will not, or can not, comprise among its adherents those whose Christian character it does not impeach, just to that extent denies its churchly structure, and proclaims itself a mere convenient human association." In the mental struggles of Catharine Elsmere this truth finds a splendid concrete illustration from the standpoint of individual church membership.

AN American periodical has widely advertised the fact that Robert Browning refused a poem to the columns of that paper, though it offered a fabulous sum. This leads *The Independent* to print a letter received from the poet some two years ago which explains his hesitancy, and also throws a pathetic light upon the experience of those who "for the sake of the many dare stand with the few." In this letter he says: "I would willingly accept them were I not hardened in my conviction—of such old standing!—that my poems, smaller or greater, make very little impression at their first appearance, and that the time which is required for people to even examine them could not be allowed by a magazine, which must, in the main, be conducted with a view to immediate success."

IF reports be true, the "Christian" party in Japan is a statesman's party, who urge the new faith on the ground that Christianity is the best policy and will put Japan in agreement with other civilized nations of the world. The professors are publishing articles and books to support this view. For instance, the late president of the imperial university claims that religion is not needed for the educated classes, and confesses his dislike for all religions equally, yet advocates the introduction of religious teaching into the government schools because the unlearned have had their faith in old moral standards shaken and there is now a serious lack of moral sentiment among the masses. But in proportion as a people is civilized, religion, to be a "religion," must be a more genuine thing than this, and a more native thing. If Japan is to be "Christian," it must have a Christianity of her own, developed from within, on the basis of her own philosophy and ethics and social customs; just as in India it is improbable that the European form of Christianity will ever be accepted by the people, but quite

possible that, under influence from Europe and America, some Indian form of Christianity will rise. The Brahmo Somaj regards its Brahmoism as nothing but the essence of Christianity in such an Indianized form. It is too pure an essence, probably, ever to be a national religion; the Hindoo Christianity, if it rises, must be closer to the popular imagination, and be a *genuine* growth of head and heart. So in Japan.

THE Brahmoism just referred to—the religion of the Hindu Brahmo Somaj—is close akin to Unitarianism, or rather, is a very spiritual and devotional form of Unitarianism. In Japan, too, that professors' and statesmen's party is listening sympathetically to the Gospel brought them by the Unitarian "mission of inquiry," now in that land. Our emphasis on character, and our claim to have a faith of reason, attract them. Such kinship and attraction are not strange, for in moral essence the great religions are much alike, and the process and necessity by which old dogmas fade in one religion is the process and necessity by which they fade in all. The little church of Christendom that stands most for moral essence and least for dogma has a double bond of union, therefore, with reform movements in non-Christian systems.

PENDING the fuller review of Lowell's Political Essays, we are glad to give this quotation our little god speed on its way, saying the thing we are ever trying to say, and never succeeding. It is a thing that ever finds but half utterance in words. Its full utterance is found in the beatific life. It is found in being the thing, not in saying the thing. "It is surely fixed as the foundations of the earth that faithfulness to right and duty, self-sacrifice, loyalty to that service whose visible reward is often but suffering and baffled hope, draw strength and succor from exhaustless springs far up in those Delectable Mountains of trial which the All-Knowing has set between us and the achievement of every noble purpose. . . . There is no such reinforcement as faith in God, and that faith is impossible till we have squared our policy and conduct with our highest instincts."

REPORT comes to us that Theodore Thomas, before closing his recent season of summer-night concerts, announced to the members of his orchestra that as they should be disbanded soon, all were now free to make other engagements. The cause of this seems to be the difficulty that Mr. Thomas finds in doing good work unless located throughout the winter months, as he hoped to be, in New York, rather than moving from city to city. We can not but look upon this decision, if it be unalterable, with regret. Especially, it seems to us, during this season the Thomas orchestra has offered excellent entertainments, and music rendered perhaps with better effect than usual. And in view of the fact that such selections as the Bach-Gounod "Ave Maria," the Chopin-Thomas "Funeral March," and the Handel "Largo" have tenderly wound themselves into the hearts of the people, we believe that this music, so well interpreted, has had and would always possess a refining and ennobling moral effect difficult to estimate. Instead of being disbanded the Thomas orchestra should be duplicated in all the large centers of population. Concerts given during the summer in the public parks are in this line, but they should be nobly supplemented by the careful rendering by artists of the best music. If, as we believe, and as has been stated by musicians, enjoyment of the most intellectual kind springs from fine instrumental music, noble orchestral music should add largely to culture.

IN our last issue we referred to Charles A. Dana's EIGHT RULES of journalism, considerably modifying the first one. These rules ought to be printed at least once in every paper of the land, however much they shame its practice. They make a grand confession of Journalistic principles and ideals.

There is a great deal of ethics and religion in them. If office-boy and editor, reporter and advertising agent were drilled in them as a creed, in ten years we should reach millennial newspapers. So we give them space, revising, as before, the first:

1. Get the news, and sift the news, and of the news of sin print only that which one week later we should be sorry to have missed.
2. Copy nothing from another publication without perfect credit.
3. Never print an interview without the knowledge and consent of the party interviewed.
4. Never print a paid advertisement as news-matter. Let every advertisement appear as an advertisement. No sailing under false colors.
5. Never attack the weak or the defenseless, either by argument, by invective or ridicule, unless there is some absolute public necessity for so doing.
6. Fight for your opinions, but don't believe they contain the whole truth, or the only truth.
7. Support your party, if you have one, but don't think all the good men are in it and all the bad men outside of it.
8. Above all, know and believe that humanity is advancing, and that there is progress in human life and human affairs, and that, as sure as God lives, the future will be greater and better than the present or the past.

FACE-MAKING.

Would we know how faces are *made*? Then we must go visit the anatomist, and descend with him below the skin to see the hidden mechanism by which what happens on a face takes place,—the nerves and muscles by which the unseen self is transmuted into the seen. The *source* of thought and feeling, the *home* of consciousness, the place of mind, he never finds; but he will show us that each thought and feeling, as it comes forth from that secret source, comes leaping over certain nerves that are as foot-paths to it, and certain muscles that are as highways which the foot-paths join; and that every time the travelers pass along they leave a track behind, somewhat as we print off our footsteps on a road. One traveler does not count; a thousand hardly count; but by and by the sidewalk is worn out. So the thought and feeling tracks tell on the hidden roads that lie beneath the skin,—as in the Roman catacombs the guide points to the hollowed steps and tells you they were worn hollow by the tread of "thousands of martyrs" centuries ago. And, much as the pavements of Chicago bear witness of the traffic, whether it be much or little, whether it be heavy carts or foot-passengers that pass, whether the main current goes on this side or on that, so do our nerves and muscles tell what thoughts and feelings habitually pass over them. A "habit," physiologically considered, is nothing but the constant use of certain nerves and muscles.

Now the face is the outlet where myriads of these thought paths and alleys for emotion converge and end. Hither speed the inward travelers, all hurrying to visibility. Every passion uses its own familiar pathways, and steps with its own peculiar gait upon them. "That habit is growing on him," our friends begin to whisper to each other,—some principle of right or some besetting sin: corresponding to the change in character they notice the steady tread of the inward impulse towards that right or wrong is stiffening the wrinkles around our eyes, is ennobling or degrading the lines of the mouth, is bracing or drooping the chin. The process is usually very gradual, and a hundred counteracting qualities may operate to slow it; our life may chime with our inherited organism or may battle against it; one may even school himself into a partial masking of the change. But it goes on quietly and certainly; and seldom can one reach his thirtieth year without having his past history recorded, and his future history to some extent prophesied, in flesh sculpture on the face.

Bone-sculpture, too, holds history and prophecy. For when this process has been going on through generations, each transmitting to the next its prevailing habits till they become so strong that we forget their origin and call them "inborn instincts," then the very bones turn tell-tales of the

world within. Every family portrait-gallery pictures the dominant disposition and brain power of the lineage. To say "blood tells" is but another way of saying "bone tells;" for blood makes bone. In Doctor Holmes' valentine to his great grandmother, he speaks of the Yes that cost the maiden her Norman name,—

"There were tones in the voice that whispered then.
You may hear to-day in a hundred men."

And with the tones much more comes through. The "Bourbon nose" of France, the "royal jaw" of Austria, are famous. Why chin and lip and nose in me should differ so from those my brother wears, it is hard to say; but in us both the outfit, for better or for worse, is not all our own life's work. Your nose has been growing through many a grandmother's. The forefathers with their virtues and vices, their sorrows and struggles, their failures and victories, their jokes and laughs and sighs, were moulding the set of your chin and the very curve of your smiling or crying lip. If Jesus' face shone upon the mount, part of the shining was the light of Mary's face coming through. And if ever a devil glares from a child's angry eyes, the devil was very likely a family-visitor and in that scowl had simply come unto his own.

And our family galleries are but alcoves in the national gallery. A great era of a people's history sometimes seems to chronicle itself in a prevailing type of face and look belonging to its heroes; as in those sensitive, oval-chinned faces of Elizabeth's great men, or the strong, square-chinned faces of Cromwell's captains and those of our own Revolution. The Grecian outline sought by artists as a model is still found in Southern Italy, colonized twenty-five hundred years ago by Greek settlers. Irishman, German, Latin, European, Yankee, all walk our streets silently declaring nationality. The Jewish nose still holds its own. Each of the great races has a well known mould of face,—and its own opinion doubtless as to which type most dignifies our human nature. Bone tells! The very skull has altered shape along the ages; and to cite a more general illustration than any yet, the slope from the bulge of the forehead to the bulge of the upper jaw is a rough meridian line by which to estimate a creature's rank. The more horizontal it is, the lower the brute; the more perpendicular, the higher the type. For that horizontal jaw tells of a stage of progress when the eager jaw was still an instrument to seize with, before front legs had developed into arms, and paws and claws into hands to relieve the jaws of seizing functions. In the lower savages the sloping jaw is apt to linger, and with it the large canine teeth and high cheek-bones. Jaw recedes, canine teeth diminish, cheek-bones round to harmony, as races civilize.

Our visit to the anatomist and his little lesson in face-making make it plain why no sight on earth—no scene of desert, storm or earthquake—is so appalling as a human face in ruins. It is because the follies and sins of the generations are gathered into the faces of the latest born and there are focused by the follies and sins of another lifetime. No such shock and warning as from a human countenance where sin has ploughed its gullies deep. Woe unto us, we feel, if we have had aught to do by example or by parentage with the driving of that plough!

But it is also plain why no sight on earth—no sunset, mountain-top or June of blossom—is so beautiful and so inspiring as a noble human face. It is because the intelligence, morality, aspiration of the generations are gathered into the faces of the latest born and there are focused by the aspirations and endeavors of another thirty years of human life. There is a great truth in the Incarnation doctrine. God is dim in rock and flower and bird; when most *himself*, he becomes human flesh, and in human eyes we look most clearly into eyes of God.

w. c. g.

CONTRIBUTED.

THOUGHT MAKES FREE.

Stop thought's flight upon the wing?
Thought makes free the soul to sing.

Stop the stars, revolving round!
Stop the ocean's ceaseless sound!

Stop the violet's scented breath!
Stop life's changing into death!

Stop the heart's emphatic throb!
Stop the soul's search after God!

Stop creation's perfect law
Evolving without pause or flaw!

Thought is God's creative breath
Flowing through all life and death;

Thought is never aught but free—
Spirit of the ALL in thee.

MARY E. COLE.

LOYALTY TO SECT.

Sectarian fidelity is comfortable while it is spontaneous, but every attempt to enforce it is a process of unchurching the denomination engaging in it. In the parlance of ecclesiastical circles the word "church" has a distinct and peculiar meaning. It is antithetical to meeting, society, denomination, sect, congregation or any other term used to describe a religious organization, since these all recognize a human, but that a divine instrumentality in its order and growth. The church is, in pretension at least, the embodiment of Christ's spirit. It springs out of his commands and is co-terminous with his kingdom. That is the claim religious societies mean to put forward when they call themselves churches. When they substitute any other test of membership than loyalty to him, they deny that pretension. Hence it is a solecism for a man to argue that his neighbor may be a good Christian, but he can not consistently be a Presbyterian or Baptist or some other denominationalist. The religious society which will not, or can not, comprise among its adherents those whose Christian character it does not impeach, just to that extent denies its churchly structure and proclaims itself a mere convenient human association. In this respect the Roman Catholic Church is consistent and logical, but Protestant denominations are not.

We are not unaware of the fine-spun distinctions by which men distinguish between the visible and the spiritual kingdom of Christ, nor of the sophistries whereby dogmatic discipline is justified. But they are all swept away before the imperiousness of the claim involved in assuming the name of Church. If a denomination finds its lines of demarcation too narrow to comprise the recognizable disciples of Christ, it ought to discipline itself and not its dissentient members, until it has made itself catholic in the true and primary sense of that epithet. If it does not, then in abandoning the claim to be of divine institution it cuts away all the solemnity and authority of its own discipline. Ecclesiastical censures and commendations are no longer ratified above, but begin and end with the minute books of a secretary or the records of a social tribunal. The touchstone which will make this argument clear is for men in conventions, synods, conferences and disciplinary courts to ask themselves whether Christ would act in person as they propose to do when they are about to enforce conformity to their own confessions or customs. A church has no right to do anything which it believes Christ would not do in the same circumstances.

The principle here laid down is of the more importance since there is a kind of unconscious, spiritual jugglery

played upon members of different denominations when these societies change color before them, and to-day come to them as a church and to-morrow as a mere social club enforcing its own rules. When a religious society is seeking adherents, then it emphasizes its churchly character; when it is rebuking internal dissent then it pleads its voluntary associational organization. In joining a church, it may safely be said, not one person in a hundred does so, or is asked to do so, on dogmatic or polity grounds. He simply wants to do what he fancies is the will of God, and that not as to the opinions he is to hold, but as to the conduct he is to observe. Neither in the time of his quickened ethical sense does he go about to settle the indeterminable question as to which denomination of four hundred has the highest claim on his allegiance. He accepts his environment and enters the society in which he was brought up, or through whose ministrations his spirit has softened, to take the yoke of duty. Is it the practice of denominations, in dealing with minds and hearts in this awakening state, to tell them they must not adhere to them unless they accept their traditions, polity and creed? I trow not. Quite the reverse:—the denomination tells them that it is their duty to join the church God has established, that they must confess their Lord, that loyalty to duty is involved in their baptism and communion. In the great majority of cases, the same conditions exist when a young man offers himself as a candidate for the ministry. There is considerable genuine insight then displayed, for hardly any religious denomination would accept as a candidate for ordination a man who had no other qualification than his consent to its creed. Each demands, as a vital thing, a sense of duty to God, which means the profoundest conscientiousness.

Is there not a jugglery practiced on men when, having obtained their adherence on moral grounds, a denomination rebukes the deviations of their consciences from its formulas? It is conscience that makes the true man a questioner, and no truth has become his until he has challenged it, wrestled with it, and learned its quality. To restrain him then is to repress the highest exercise of his quickened manhood. No one is in a position to do his church nobler service than when he has begun the task of assimilating its teachings, even if he has to reject many of them as indigestible.

I have long thought of this legerdemain which lies between the two poles of receiving a man into communion with a church and of disciplining him for dogmatic dissent afterwards. Doubtless it is unconsciously practiced, but the serious question is: "Is it done at all?" Are adherents received on one basis and retained on another? Are they enrolled as Christians and then retained as Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Methodists or Unitarians? There is a practical misrepresentation and infidelity in this which are worse than toleration of internal dissent, and must bear fruit of a wretched kind,—even the substitution of a sectarian loyalty for conscience, and an enfeebling of spiritual forces.

D. O. KELLOGG.

IN SWITZERLAND NOW.

I.

All things come round to him who can wait! A month ago I was in Basle, that door to Switzerland on the north, hoping then to begin my Swiss wayfarings; but the weather, which then had been cold and rainy for a fortnight, gave no sign of reform, and I turned my steps towards Munich and Nuremberg. And well for me that I did. In the three weeks thus spent I saw but three days without rain. The same weather befell Switzerland during that time. One can see galleries and museums, however, under dull skies, but for the mountains he must have sunshine and an open sky. And these I have had. I seem to

have turned toward Switzerland with the happy turn of the weather. I left Germany at Lindau, and crossed Lake Constance to Rorschach, a good point of entrance for eastern Switzerland. From Rorschach by rail up the upper Rhine valley, narrowly walled in by mountains rising higher and higher as one ascends, to Ragatz, where I spent a charming day. Ragatz is said to number its fifty thousand visitors during the summer, for longer or shorter stay. It is one of the great health-resorts of Europe on account of its baths. The warm water is brought some two miles from the mountain springs into the village, and the numerous hotels that have sprung up have turned the old-time village into a town. But the earlier resort lies up the narrow and picturesque gorge above the town, near the springs, the walk to which (Bad Pfäfers) is the most charming memory of my day in Ragatz. Here in this mountain cleft is the old bath-house, built (1704) of solid masonry, its long corridors arched like a cloister, its roof touched by the sunshine only for six hours of the longest day. Close under it the Tamina tumbles along to catch the Rhine below. Above the bath-house the stream comes through a natural flume several rods in length, the rocky walls rising for three hundred feet over the noisy water and at intervals quite shutting out all glimpses of the sky above,—surpassing anything of the kind I have ever seen. Along this passage a path has been cut, leading to the hot springs above. As one turns into the dark cavern whence the main spring now issues, some sixty feet in length, the air is like a warm vapor bath. The water is very clear to the eye, and without taste, but impregnated with healing virtues. On the open heights beyond is the old Benedictine Abbey of Pfäfers, now for half a century serving as a lunatic asylum. No, good reader; spare your wit. I know what you were about to say. But there were monks, and there were monks, in those days. There is little of unmixed good in this world, as Lessing said of truth, and little also of unmixed evil, thank God; and when plunder and fighting were the main business of life outside, and the gains of earlier lore were there a forgotten story, no inconsiderable service was done for the world in these romantic retreats, whatever evils went with them and however exotic they may seem in to-day's landscape. So let us thank all who have worn the hooded gown in true humility of spirit and have fostered those humanities that make the world's richer life.

From Ragatz to Coire, a half-hour by rail; a quaint and picturesque old town, with its walls yet standing in places; and its interesting little cathedral of mingled architectural styles since the vaulted crypt was sprung some fourteen centuries ago. The little cathedral has its treasures too, that many a more famous one would be glad to own; a large sarcophagus of mottled marble, with beautiful recumbent figure, monument of Bishop Ortlieb de Brandis, and ascribed to Adam Kraft by my guide, the sacristan. If the bishop carried that countenance of peace in those troublous times (he died 1494) deep must have been its source within. The carved stone tabernacle for the host is also ascribed to Kraft. Duerer and other early German masters are represented in the various altar pieces. The sacristan showed me the treasury of the cathedral, a series of double-locked closets wherein were very ancient priestly robes, chalices of silver and gold, reliquaries, life-size busts of saints in silver, together with ancient parchments bestowing special privileges upon this church from the civil power. Among these was one of Charlemagne, with mask and sealed with the hilt of his sword; for this was of the middle period of the great king's life and before he had learned to write his name! The sacristan himself seemed to me as if he, too, might have come out of the hidden chambers of the past,—a pale, thin, stooping old man, but of most kindly mien. At the end of my half-hour with him alone in the silent building, having taken me quite around it, he was about to

show me again over the self-same path, so little hold had he on the present, so much was he a haunting form out of the past,—part and parcel of the house in which his love and life-long service had taken so deep root.

At Coire I bade good-by to the railway and took to my feet, if I may not almost say wings; so delightful it seemed to have left the cities behind me, and in slouch hat and flannel shirt to meet the mountains and the forests and the streams. For six miles the road was rather level; but at Reichenau, a hamlet of a few houses only, where the two branches of the Rhine come together in tumultuous joy and are henceforth one to the sea, the road to Thusis ascends, and gives for the next ten miles beautiful views down into the valley of the *Hinter-Rhine*, girt with mountains yet seamed with snow in their upper clefts. Beside the way came running to me from their ambuscade two bare-headed children, following at my heels with their low cry of "Rappen, rappen,"—which is the local dialect for the smallest coin, a quarter of a cent in our money. A problem. Shall I encourage beggary in these urchins? On the other hand, "if beauty is its own excuse for being," haven't these picturesque bits in the general landscape some claim for real service? All compact of health they seemed, their nut-brown faces lighted by the red flame within. Which would you have done, reader? Well, so did I.

This upper Rhine is not wanting in ruins. Towers crown commanding crags along the valley, fragments of those strongholds from which the mighty used to lord it over the meek in "those good old times" of which we often hear.

It was Saturday evening as I halted in Thusis at the "Hotel Rhaetia," whose landlord, so attentive to the comfort of his guests, I should like to commend to fellow travelers. Could I be more fortunate in my place of Sunday halt? Of this anon.

F. L. H.

AN OPEN LETTER.

DEAR UNITY FRIENDS: Many times during the past two years the question has been asked, Has the kindergarten any practical help to offer primary classes in the Sunday-school, and are the principles which underlie Froebel's plan equally applicable to Sunday-school work? To answer this we must quickly go to the bed-rock of the kindergarten idea and see for ourselves.

Richard Wagner makes a statement which could hardly be better made by Froebel himself. He says: "Every normal being is endowed at birth with a passionate pursuit of the new, and men need only *liberty* and *opportunity* for self-direction in order to become geniuses." This, I take it, is the cry of every individual in every phase of his being—"liberty and opportunity"—the soul, the mind and the body demand it, and without it there can be no true education.

Go into any well ordered kindergarten and see how from the outset the child is led, "*as of himself*," to desire that which is best for him. Notice the providence here, which, seeing the end from the beginning, leads the little soul, which as yet can resist no impression, to *choose* that which is good, and to *do* that which is right. Is not this the way the Heavenly Father would lead His children through life? The germinating point of a right thought or a right deed is always in the hidden recesses of the heart, and is always feeble, and needs the guardianship of the strongest and best help. Are not these guardians always those who live nearest to the face of the Father? Would a knowledge of this not help to "keep the heart happy and the will self-respecting," by preventing those indefinite fears incidental to a sense of helplessness? I confess that it is not easy to know just how to bring a knowledge of this truth to the children. In the kindergarten the constant living with the children day by day, and hour by hour, throughout the week makes the opportunities for a knowledge of the nature of each child so much greater—one reads between the lines of free expres-

sion so very many modifying conditions and circumstances! These must largely be missed in the short Sunday-school hour, even when the teacher has the well-trained judgment to recognize them. Surely the religious nurture which the Sunday school ought to stand for demands this individual knowledge. (Or is it as some people think, that this Sunday work must simply be religious *teaching*?)

Where can the "grown-up, hairy fist" which Richter so much dreads—that "fist which knocks on the tender, fructifying dust of childhood's blossoms and shakes a color off first here, then there, so that the many-marked proper carnation may appear"—where, I ask, can this obtrusiveness be so hurtful as in the well-meant though grossly ignorant attempts to reach the hearts of little children? Another lesson the kindergarten teaches. If a child grow most into the likeness of the father by his *creativity*, is it not all important that as there is manifestly no opportunity for these deeds to be wrought into life in the Sunday-school hour, that the desire, or love, call it what you will, should be so quickened as to burn brightly after the present impression has past? Should not the child be led to ultimate his desire continually in some definite, useful form? "All religion has relation to life, and the life of religion is to do good," is a practical maxim for child and adult, and I can not but think that this is taught by the work of the hand better than in almost any other form.

Does it ever occur to the readers of *UNITY* that there may be mischief in much of our Sunday-school singing, because the hymns are so much a matter-of-course—are so often sung in a perfunctory sort of fashion? I believe very little good can come of Sunday-school music unless the children are led to *feel* the words more than they appear to. Would it not be well to borrow the kindergarten plan of freely talking over the hymn first, letting the children do their part of the conversation, and together get at the sentiment, although, in many hymns there is, I'm sorry to say, little sentiment, or sense either. If it is true that the civilizing literature of all nations begins in hymns, surely these ought to have the effect in individual growth that they have had in *race* growth, and it becomes of the greatest importance what and how children sing.

One more suggestion and I have done. I like better the simple festivals of the kindergarten, in which the children work hand and glove with the teacher, than the most elaborately prepared Christmas trees and flower festivals. Surely if the children's happiness is what we are seeking, in no way can it be so increased as by making them responsible for the happiness of others. What if the gifts are crude, and the flowers are not quite so artistically arranged? Make simple plans that the children *can* execute with some degree of success, and the reward is worth all it costs of time and trouble. Froebel in every plan is so desirous that the kindergarten child shall learn to live for others, that it sometimes seems as if our Sunday-school festivals, and concerts, and prizes, and markings for punctuality, etc., would make more for selfishness than all our teaching could unmake in many Sundays.

We might, perhaps, sum up the fundamental principles of the kindergarten, which would help our Sunday-schools in this way:

First, more freedom between teacher and pupil—more of the motherly intercourse which gets at the states which the little growing heart and mind must daily pass through.

Second, more assurance for the child that there is always a loving, tender, strong hand ready to help him in every emergency, if he will reach for it.

Third, that all desire for good must be turned into a definite activity, and that truths learned should be worked into deeds; that life is brimfull of opportunities for this.

Fourth, that music and rhythm in every form is a factor that we have not begun to use as we should in the Sunday-school.

August 18, 1888

And lastly, that the more a child's happiness is interwoven with the thought of doing for others, the more it is called from expectations for itself, so much the better is it for him.

We may, perhaps, at another time, see whether the tools used in kindergarten can be made available for infant Sunday-school classes, and just how far its methods are applicable to this other purpose.

Very truly yours,

ALICE H. PUTNAM.

OUR COMMON SCHOOLS--A NEW PROBLEM.

According to the publishers, August is a dull month for literature, but if one may stretch the word literature to include school catalogues, there is no lack of production. Literature or not, these documents have no little significance when submitted to the processes of comparative study by the student of educational problems. For the moment, let us limit ourselves to those of the public schools only, and which are issued by the boards of education throughout the cities of the land. Take any one at random and read the list of its high school graduating class, noting how the names count as to sex. In all probability you will find at least three names of girls to every one name of boy. Examine a quantity of these catalogues and the chances are that the same showing will be continuously repeated, and especially if the collection come mainly from western towns; often the boys will be in even smaller minority, sometimes entirely absent from the graduating class. Lest you should hastily conclude that the number of boys of school age is diminishing, turn to the earlier pages of the record. In the primary departments you discover about an equal number of boys and girls enrolled; early in the grammar grades the boys begin to diminish, and the decrease goes on in rapid ratio until at graduation is noted their almost total disappearance from the record. Corresponding statistics a dozen years ago had no such story to tell; but so universal has it now become that very many superintendents are calling attention to it in their annual reports and seeking some remedy. The public schools of Cleveland, Ohio, stand among the very highest in the country. A few years ago their superintendent reported on the part of the boys in the high school a loss of 10.6 per cent. from the ratio as it stood ten years before. The superintendent at St. Joseph, Mo., whose own proportion of boy graduates stands sixth highest in the list of thirty schools that he tabulated, says: "The young men of the country will be compelled in self-defense to prolong their time of study at school or college, or else submit to a continual reminder of their inferiority in scholarship to the young ladies with whom they mingle in the social circle."

What is the explanation of this new state of affairs? The one commonly given is, that girls, being less valuable for industrial purposes, are allowed to remain at school; while boys, after having had four or five years' instruction, are taken away to work, or to go into business. Another explanation is offered by the nature of the schools themselves. It is said that public instruction is not sufficiently practical; that a city boy graduated from a high school, however well trained mentally, has not made even the first step towards fitness for any of those avenues of industry in which most young men must afterwards walk. To meet this objection, departments for manual training are becoming popular, in order that the school may go to the boys, since the boys will not go the school.

I quote again from a superintendent's report: "I have long lost faith in the 'saving grace' of the three R's. Graduate your pupil at ten or twelve years of age with a mere knowledge of reading, writing and the rudiments of arithmetic; let him be well up in dime novels, *The Police*

Gazette, and obscene literature; let him learn no trade and have no regular means of livelihood; let him take upon himself the responsibilities of a family; let him learn his politics from a partisan press, and the partisan stump orator and demagogue; and let a financial crisis come and hard times come on, and for relief this man will go to the *mob*, the *riot*, the *trades-union*. He will become a *communist*, a *crank*, a *dude*. Something is hurting him. He believes it to be the grip of capital, or the bad administration of government. On the other hand, let this same individual enter upon a high-school course of study, not for the purpose of fitting himself for college, but with reference to his duties as a citizen. Let him become well versed in the facts and principles of political economy, history and government; let his taste for dime novels give place to a taste for classical English literature; let his reasoning powers be trained by a thorough course in logic and mathematics; let his attention be turned to the movements of that most marvelous of all God's works, the human mind; let him become acquainted with its workings, both in himself and in the outward history of the race; let him learn the hard conditions of success in life and adopt as his creed: 'No superficial optimism, with its easy methods for the regeneration of mankind and a total blindness to the facts of history,' and he will not enter the *mob*, the *riot*, the *strike*, the *trades union*." (Supt. of Schools, Wyandotte, Kan.)

Three and a half centuries ago, when Sir Thomas More devised his ideal commonwealth, one of the most Utopian of all his schemes was a liberal culture for the minds of girls as well as boys. A time seems now at hand when a new prophet is needed to arouse people to the need of educating the boys, if our Republic is ever to become the model state which Thomas Jefferson had in mind when he framed the broad conception of a state university, supported wholly by the commonwealth, unsectarian in religion, elective in its curriculum, and practically free to every young man.

ANNA B. McMAHAN.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE SPRING GREEN ASSEMBLY.

DEAR UNITY:—We reached Spring Green after dark Friday evening, a shower stopping just as we arrived and the clouds drifting back and forth over the stars as we drove between the hills, and heard how just here was a great mass of scarlet cardinal flowers to be found by daylight, and here were quantities of the button-bush; then we crossed the river with the stars reflected in it, passed the district school-house, where our driver told us he preached his first sermon twenty-one years ago, then the tiny Unity chapel, passed two of the six Jones farms that incline one to change the name of Helena Valley to Jones Valley—then came a glow of light on the hill, and we were at the "Hillside Home School," so cosy, so homelike and pretty that one fairly envies the happy children, and as one meets the bright, intelligent faces of the home-makers and teachers, that envy grows. Truly a *home* school this must be—all around books, pictures, little touches of daintiness, tasteful coloring, the whole giving the charm of beauty and simplicity. Not least among its attractions are the wide windows that let in the beauty of hill and sky. The building does credit to the young architect nephew who planned it. Already the school has outgrown it, and ground was broken to-day for an additional building. All this, though primarily for the children of the brothers and sisters who colonize this beautiful valley, is also for other fortunate ones, who even in this first year have come from the far east and south, and applications are coming in for more.

On Saturday began the grove meeting which for a number of years they've held each August. The busy people, about fifty, gathered in the cosy little chapel at half-past

two to hear a sermon from Mr. Gannett on the "Dreams that Save Us." The young folks led the singing, the baby adding a cooing, gurgling note here and there even to the sermon.

Back we went to the cosy Hillside Home for supper, then to the chapel again in the evening, this time to hear a thoughtful sermon from H. M. Simmons, of Minneapolis, on Prayer. How we *must* pray, whether we will or not, so long as the heart cherishes any earnest desire and that desire is bodied forth in effort—not leaving untouched, either, the higher spiritual uplifting and communing with the spirit at the heart of all. Great was the anxiety on our homeward way as to what the weather would bring forth to-morrow—for Saturday was gray and misty. But Sunday dawned bright and clear—a brilliant crystal atmosphere, with just enough floating clouds to give the hills the shadows they needed to complete their beauty. Such a time packing in the first, second and third loads, eight each time, to go down from the school, and then at the chapel the slow gathering, wagon after wagon driving up and depositing father, mother and children, and many mysterious baskets and boxes. Pleasant greetings on all hands, warm welcome to the strangers—so all felt at once at home. For the morning service all gathered again in the chapel, except perhaps half a dozen, who overflowed into the porch. Mr. W. H. Spencer, of Troy, N. Y., gave an earnest, thoughtful, helpful sermon on Faith—faith in self, in others, faith in God—the faith that makes faithful—and stirred us so that it brought the tears to hear the full ringing force with which all joined in singing Lowell's noble lines "Though the cause of evil prosper, yet the truth alone is strong," to the tune now forever associated with that man of faith, John Brown. Mr. Gannett added a few words on the faith that is in the world, our constant faith in each other—and the faith that comes with or brings the good conscience; and Rev. S. B. Loomis, of Lone Rock, Wis., spoke, with the warmth of an old Abolitionist comrade, of William Lloyd Garrison, and his faith that, in spite of wrong apparently triumphant, "God lives," and so right must conquer. Truly this service was an inspiration.

Now we discovered the secrets of the baskets and boxes: nobody went home, but all camped in and around the chapel and along the roadside up and down in cosy picnic parties and yet it was like the multitude fed after the preaching of old, for there was enough left to feed as many more, so bountifully had our numerous hosts provided. This social gathering and meeting and greeting was a very real part of the service. It was a holy Sunday morning; as we sat in the little church the windows on one hand framed a picture of deep-green meadow stretching away to wooded hills, on the other hand the green slope rose to the sky directly across the road. The babies came, and the front row of chairs were from the kindergarten, filled with the little fold, good and quiet through the long service, only one little curly pate drooped on the lap back of it.

In the afternoon there were more of us, so the desk and piano were brought out on the porch and the people seated themselves on improvised benches under a great canvas stretched from porch to gate; so this time the dogs and horses, too, were at the service. Then we had the hill and meadow pictures in the exquisite afternoon light. Mr. Simmons told us a "Parable of the Breath"—how breathing, i.e., burning, is life; the more we breathe the more we live; that only by burning the old comes the new; the more deeply, widely we breathe, the deeper grows, the faster comes the new and higher life. Mr. Loomis followed with an earnest word, and Mr. Jones dismissed us with a plea for the new faith of fellowship in right seeing and right doing. Home once more, some for an hour's rest, some for a climb to the hill-top for the sunset view, the cosy gathering around the tea-table, and then the evening service. This time, he who is most at home in this pulpit and dear to all, Jenkin

Lloyd Jones, taught us to "Wait on the Lord,"—but first spoke tenderly of the loved ones in the Unseen, whose noble lives and earnest faith made this chapel and these meetings possible, who were with us now in the hearts of many visibly present. At the end, Mr. Gannett took up this word of the unseen yet real presences with us, and we closed with Chadwick's tender hymn, "It singeth low in every heart."

Five services in thirty-six hours, full of earnest, helpful inspiration. Between the afternoon and evening services, one of the little ones of the valley had a quiet home christening.

The new moon dropped behind the hills as we drove home, and the stars seemed never so brilliant, there is so much sky over these hills!

One begins to wonder over the possible future of a remote country district which holds people of religious faith and earnestness to build this chapel and start such a school.

M. T. L. G.

HILLSIDE HOME SCHOOL, SPRING GREEN, WIS., August 13, 1888.

DEAR UNITY: In a UNITY field-note of recent date reference was made to the temporary building, which the Unitarian church of Sioux City, Iowa, vacated early in July, as an "uninviting old rink." A Nebraska reader of UNITY whose spiritual life has been fed in that same old rink puts in his protest as follows: "I think, J. R. E. has done the 'old rink' an injustice, probably unintentionally. I have attended a great many different churches, some much more costly and probably finer to look at, but that old rink was to me the most inviting of them all. I never went by that church but I almost wanted to shake hands with it, and now that I am away there is never a Sunday passes but my mind goes back to the old rink and gathers refreshment therefrom. I know that when I go back I shall miss the old church, though I shall greet the same friends. I only hope that the new church will be as inviting as the old rink."

There is no question in the mind of J. R. E. that a noble and beautiful church of the spirit tented awhile in the old rink. It is to that rather than the material structure that your correspondent owes his spiritual refreshment. Who can wonder that the place is glorified in his eyes and that he looks back to it with tenderness and longing when he remembers its stimulating services and blessed associations. The mount of vision however stoney and bare is always transfigured to the anointed eye.

J. R. E. had no malicious intent towards the old church, but it were almost worth while to have indulged the unguarded expression for the sake of the genuine touch of loyalty and religious earnestness which it brings back all the way from Hartington, Neb.

J. R. E.

DEAR UNITY: I am glad that you are extending the very helpful mission of "Daily Strength for Daily Needs," a book which over a year ago became a precious preacher in my family, and I write to make a suggestion to these friends who are enlarging the circulation of "Daily Strength." It is that they circulate among the suffering the "Sermon in the Hospital," by Ugo Bassi, published in paper covers, for \$1.00 per dozen copies, by James Pott & Co., New York. It is a metrical memory by Harriet Eleanor Hamilton King of a sermon preached in a hospital by this wonderful Italian, and heard by her. There is strong and tender comfort in it, and it can not but put a sweet patience into the pain of the suffering. I suggest that, printed with Brother Gannett's sermon in a late UNITY on the tragedy of the sparrows, it would make a very tender helpful book, and thus blending the voice of the Italian Catholic priest and American Unitarian minister, we should have another illustration of how near we are one in the great underlying holy fundamentals of our suffering and our hope. J. S.

UNITY.

Senior Editor: JENKIN LLOYD JONES.
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NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

Boston.—The American Unitarian Association rooms are breezy with the stir of visiting brothers from the west. No doubt it is a promise of good union work to be done during the coming fall and winter beyond the Alleghanies.

—The very large demonstration of the temperance societies connected with the Roman Catholic churches in the United States lately made here, consisted in a torchlight procession and a public convention. It is awakening workers in that denomination all over New England. The local priests are not all in favor of temperance legislation, but in large cities some of the fathers are leading in the prosecution of saloon-keepers, even at a loss in their church revenues.

—During the summer the Salvation Army of Boston keeps its full programme of meetings, and no doubt it does good work among some classes not influenced by usual churches. A few of its converts rise into higher church organizations. That army is self-sustaining and increases the list of its companies.

—Religious camp meetings and temperance grove and seashore conventions are reported at many New England summer resorts.

—Very cool weather prevails hereabouts, and the stay-at-home ministers are economically writing up their winter courses of sermons in their own study-rooms.

—“It is the nickel business that pays.” The very fine picture of “Jesus entering into Jerusalem,” which was lately exhibited to a select, small daily audience at twenty-five cents admission, is now thrown open daily to crowds of citizens and suburbs for nickel admission tickets.

St. Cloud, Minn.—We are glad to know that Rev. Charles Staples expects to take up this hopeful movement in the fall, and the people are building him a new church. Charley Staples is a New England boy, and now that he has attained to the dignity of manhood we are glad that he faces his life's work in the west. The Staples name is very closely identified with the history of Unitarianism in the west, and we believe that it will be well borne by this one who enters into the labors of his lamented uncle and faithful father. We welcome him to his new work, and on behalf of many friends, extend the hand of fellowship.

Still more encouraging word comes from this place, and the last number of the *Christian Register* prints the following message from Briggs Lake, Minn., too good to pass by unnoticed: “This delightful lake is about twelve miles from St. Cloud.

Mr. Crothers preached here to a little company of people last Sunday evening, and the beauty and simplicity of his service made me feel that it was about as near the way in which Jesus must have preached as anything I ever heard.

“As to St. Cloud the work there is simply inspiring. They have raised about \$6,000 for a new church, and also circulated a subscription for next year's salary, on which they have some \$1,400. To talk to a congregation two-thirds men, and young men at that, and have them so interested that much more than half remain to the Bible Class, is something surprising to one accustomed to the semi-lifeless condition of many eastern churches.

Certainly the hope of Unitarianism lies as largely in the western cities as anywhere; and one can give himself some satisfactory reasons for the existence of churches here.”

Such pleasant word both of Mr. Crothers and of the young church is its own most inspiring comment.

Denver, Col.—Supplying a pulpit, while the well-beloved pastor is away for his annual rest, is often a thankless affair. The regular attendants feel it to be a fitting time to seek rest and change for themselves, and do not care to have duty calling them church-ward every Sunday in the year; but since Rev. W. H. Ramsey has been filling Unity pulpit, he has not lacked delighted listeners notwithstanding the heat. All unite in enjoying his natural eloquence and deep religious fervor, his enthusiasm which proves contagious, and his fine poetical instinct. He preaches the new theology, cares more for deeds than creeds, for heart than head, but knows, two, the value of reasonable beliefs, having left orthodoxy when his expanding reason could no longer accept it as logical. He knows

“If one steps awry, one bulge
Calls for correction by a step we thought
Got over long since, why, till that is wrought,
No progress! and the scaffold in its turn
Becomes, its service o'er, a thing to spurn.”

The society obtaining his services for the coming year is to be congratulated.

E. H. H.

Solitary Workers.—Laboring along similar lines with the Post-office workers are those who employ themselves industriously and faithfully in distributing Unitarian literature. Whether their number be large or small, at any rate these self-appointed missionaries are doing an excellent work. From Ohio comes this significant word: “Ever since I began to receive Unitarian literature, I have been distributing the same through the post-office—as far, at least, as my limited means will admit; and although I am now almost sixty years of age, I purpose spending the remainder of my days, though they may be but few, in assisting to spread the Unitarian ideas and principles.” It would be for them a bond of fellowship with the Unitarian body could all of these solitary workers report briefly of their work; and their word could not fail to be of interest, as is always tidings from the sincere and earnest promoter of the larger thought and life.

Beatrice, Neb.—The new Unitarian church in this place is now completed, and it is hoped may be ready for dedication by the first of October. On the second thousand of the fund for this building \$400 has already been pledged, and it is believed that the entire fund will be subscribed very soon after the fall reopening of the churches.

San Jose, Cal.—Rev. N. A. Haskell, formerly of Camden, N. J., has been called to the Unitarian pulpit of this place. This new field

of labor in the land of fruit and flowers will pleasantly recommend itself to the new comer.

Brooklyn.—Rev. Price Collier is soon to take charge of the pulpit recently made vacant by the death of Mr. Goodenough.

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CHICAGO CALENDAR.

ALL SOULS CHURCH, corner Oakwood boulevard and Langley avenue. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, minister. Sunday, August 19, services at 11 A. M.; Miss Rebecca Rice will speak on "Leisure."

UNITY CHURCH, HINSDALE. W. C. Gannett, minister. Sunday, August 19, services at 10:45 A. M. Sermon by the Rev. Judson Fisher.

THE WESTERN SECRETARY, John R. Efinger, is spending his vacation at home. Parties desiring to communicate with him or to see him by special appointment at the office, 175 Dearborn street, Chicago, should address him during the month of August at 6730 La Fayette avenue, Englewood, Ill.

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BOOKS RECEIVED.

All books sent for notice by publishers will be promptly acknowledged under this heading. Further notice must be conditional on the state of our columns and the interest of our readers. Any books in print will be mailed on receipt of price by Charles H. Kerr & Co., 175 Dearborn street, Chicago.

A Book of Poems. By John W. Chadwick. Boston: Roberts Bros. Cloth, pp. 236. Price \$1.25

My Aunt's Match Making and Other Stories. By Popular Authors. Cassell & Company: 739 and 741 Broadway, New York. Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co. Paper, pp. 212. Price \$0.25

Lamartine's Meditations. Edited, with Biographical Sketch and Notes by George O. Curme, A. M. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. Cloth, pp. 179.

The Boston Tea Party and Other Stories of the Revolution. Revised and adapted from Henry C. Watson. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Boards, pp. 222. Price \$0.35

Mexico.—Picturesque, Political, Progressive. By Mary Elizabeth Blake and Margaret F. Sullivan, Boston: Lee & Shepard, New York: Charles T. Dillingham. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, pp. 228. Price \$1.25

Colloquia Latina. By Benjamin L. D'Ooge, M. A. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. Cloth, pp. 81.

Manuals of Faith and Duty. No. 2. Jesus the Christ. By Rev. Stephen Crane, D. D. Boston: Universalist Publishing House. Cloth, pp. 96.

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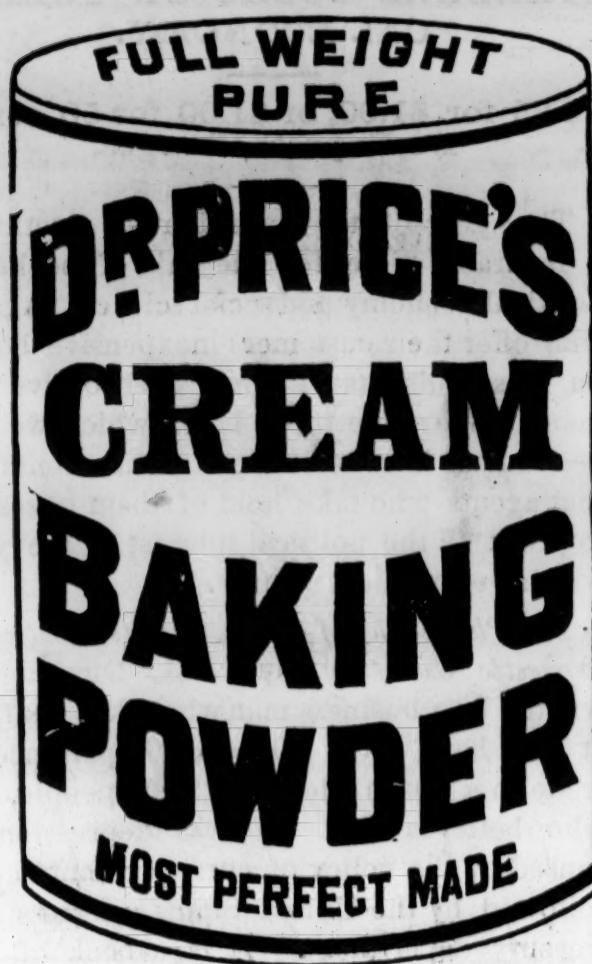
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